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## Advice to Mr. Vario, the Painter.

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# P O E M.

*On the Defeat of the French and Bavarians, by  
the Confederate Forces, Commanded by his  
Grace, the Duke of Marlborough.*

**V**ARIO, no more thy Sacred Skill prophane,  
To shew how Fabl'd Gods with Gyants fought ;  
Gyants, who owe their Action to thy Brain,  
And Gods, who were no Gods 'till by thy Pencil wrought.

**V**ARIO, prophane thy Sacred Skill no more,  
Lest we those G O D S, for being thine, adore.

Truth only claims the Name of History,  
Worth our Respect, or to be done by Thee,  
Such Mighty Truths as *German* Plains relate,  
Or *Danube*'s Billows to the Ocean told,  
When Stain'd with *Gallick* and *Bavarian* Blood, they rowld.  
Haft, draw a Copy like the ACTION Great ;  
Let all thy daring Touches stand  
'Till the fam'd Piece appear as bold  
As the dread Strokes of Fate,  
Or, as the Blows from MARLBOROUGH's Hand,  
Bolder than what thy Genius could create ;  
'Tis such a Piece will suit the Royal Seat.

*First,*

*Firſt*, A dark Sky shot through with Lightning, draw ;  
 Let Clouds of Dust th' encountring Armies ſkreen,  
 As if Heav'n unwillingly the Slaughter ſaw,  
 Tho' bloody Man was fearless to be ſeen.  
 Next afar off, like the Horrizon Wan,  
 Let little *Gauls* and ſmall *Bavarians* fly,  
 And draw their Gen'ral the minuteſt Man,  
 To make him ſeem to vanish in the Sky.  
 Horror in all its Shapes, thro' their whole Army spread,  
 'The Valiant flying, and the Fearful fled ;  
 The Dying in their Pangſ, and in their Blood the Dead.  
 Here paint ſurrend'ring Multitudes, and here  
 Ten thouſand diſſerent ſorts of Fear ;  
 And there let *British* Conquerors be ſeen  
 With gen'rous Rage, and furious Mercy in their Mein.  
 Next, let the charging *CUTS* the Chase forbear,  
 With Blood of hardy Foes his Arms beſmear.  
 Let him like *Mars*, unhurt, in Pomp return ;  
 Yet, let him ſeem the want of Enemies to mourn.

But, *VARIO*, paint the Glorious *MARLBOROUGH* now,  
 Paint Brav'ry in his Eyes, and Counſel on his Brow :  
 Paint him like *POMPEY*, Great ; like *CÆSAR*, Brave ;  
 Let him amidſt his Foes, a Triumph have,  
 And in his Chariot let a Gen'ral ride his Slave.  
 Paint this, and then with universal Voice,  
 We'll praife the Nation's HERO, and the MONARCH's Choice.